Orleans County Monitor,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY GEO. H. BLAKE, BARTON, VT.

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The Winter of the Year.

It is the winter of the year! O'er buried flowers the snow rifts lie; The storms have veiled with ashen gray The blueness of the summer sky. No brooks in babbling ripples run, No birds are singing in the hedge,

No violets nodding in the sun Beside the brooklet's frozen edge; Yet to the leafless, broken boughs, The greenest mosses closely cling, And near the stern winter's stormy verge Soft float prophetic airs of spring. It is the winter of our life!

O'er buried hope the snow rifts lie, And storms have veiled with ashen gray The blueness of a cloudless sky, No light steps cross the threshold stone, No voice of love our welcome greet, . No gentle hand enclasps our own With cordial salutations sweet, Yet unto bruised and broken hearts Endearing words of promise cling,

And float upon time's stormy verge, Bright blossoms of eternal spring. The Land of Thus-and-So.

"How would Willie like to go To the land of Thus-and-So? Everything is proper there: All the children comb their hair Smoother than the fur of cats. Or the nap of high silk hats; Every face is clean and white As a lily washed in light; Never vaguest soil or speck Found on forchead, throat or neck; Every little crimpled ear, In and out as pure and clear As the cherry-blossom's blow,

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ted GUTTERS

vels that

ged after

In the land of Thus-and-So. "Little boys that never fall Down the stairs, or cry at all; Doing nothing to repent, Watchful and obedient: Never hungry, nor in haste, Tidy shoestrings always laced; Never button rudely torn From its fellows all unworn:

Knickerbockers always new-Ribbon-tie, and collar, too: Little watches, worn like men. Only always half-past ten-Just precisely right, you know, For the land of Thus-and-So. "And the little babies there Give no one the slightest care-Nurse has not a thing to do But be happy and say 'Boo!'

While mamma just nods and knows Nothing but to doze and doze; Never litter round the grate; Never lunch or dinner late; Never any household din, Peals without or rings within-Baby coos nor laughing calls, On the stairs or through the halls-Just great Hushes to and fro Pace the land of Thus-and-So! "Oh, the land of Thus-and-So!

Isn't it delightful, though?" "Yes." lisped Willie, answering me Somewhat slow and doubtfully-"Most be awful nice-but I Ruther wait till by-and-by 'Fore I go there-maybe when I be dead I'll go there then-But-" the troubled little face Closer pressed in my embrace-"Le's don't never ever go To the land of Thus-and-So!"

Seriously, is the dog star a Skye ter-

All that is left of Athens is a spot of Greece.

Circuit Court-Sneaking around the house to avoid the dog. It's the little things that tell-especially the little brothers and sisters.

Woman is not much of a philosopher, but she is proverbially a clothes observ-"What is your idea of love, Mr. Sin-

cooked." The one leading lady that society recognizes is the one who conducts a pug with a string.

If you only practice long enough at setting a steel trap, you are sure to get

The human mouth is a vast thing, after all. It sometimes contains a good A New York paper declares that "all

the politicians are at sea." Then swamp

Sydney Smith once described a man as so dry that, it you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, sawdust would come

Miss Carrie Damm, of Cincinnati was married the other day. Her name is known wherever the English language is

Uncle George-And so you go to school now, Johnny? What part of the exercises do you like best? Johnny-The exercises we get at recess.

The difference between a poor angler, Sophronia, and the fish he tries to catch is this: The angler baits his hook and the fish hooks his bait.

When the teacher asked a little girl what Joseph and Mary went up to the temple for, the answer was, "To the feast of the turnover."

Said Brougham when he was a strugcases that would alter my circumstances.' It has become fashionable for girls to

have their hair cut short. Let us heartily support this move, for if there is hair in the hash it will not be too long to swal-Uncle-"Ah, my dear, how rosy your cheeks are! I suppose the seaside and

mountains did that." Niece-"No, uncle,

that was done in mamma's dressing-

Rev. Sam Jones says that "the devil is a gentlaman and will get up and go if he is told to." The trouble is most people like to make it as pleasant as possible for

him to remain. A Canadian crank says if you trim your

nails on Friday you will never have the toothache, but he might just as well have said you will never have the nailache if you trim your teeth on Friday. Young Lady-Gardener, don't make a

flower-bed here. It will spoil our croquet ground. Gardener-Can't help it, miss. Them's my orders. Your papa says he is bound to have this plot of ground devoted to borticulture, not hus-

A California blacksmith is dangerously ill with glanders, contracted while shoeing a horse. And a Pennsylvania woman is suffering from a sprained ankle, contracted while "shooing" a hen. There seems to be a fatality about this shoeing business.

A CAPTAIN'S FORTUNATE DISCOVERY. Capt. Coleman, schr. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the-Coleman household and on board the schooner. Free trial bottles of this Standard Remedy at H. C. Pierce's Drug Store.

A SOLDIER'S TRUST.

BY DAVID LOWRY. "How we will live Heaven only knows! All is dark now."

Mrs. Paine sat down suddenly and lifted a hand to her eyes. Her daugh-ter, Caroline, a bright, pretty girl of seventeen, noted among her associates for her energy and resolution, caught her breath suddenly. She was going to cry, but resolved not to yield now when her mother was overcome with dread of the future. The world had been the average

world to Ellen Paine. She had enjoyed its sweets till the war came and robbed her of her husband for years. There were some jolts in life's journey when he came home. He was not as strong as when he went away-lost time, and of choice changed his vocation. Still content sweetened the things the gods provided the Paines through sickness and idleness; the increasing family and growing responsibilities all were accepted cheerfully till one day the sun seemed to drop out of the firmament. Andrew Paine was brought home un-conscious, a terrible accident had happened; in twenty-four hours Mrs. Paine

was a widow. Time moved on. Providence raised a friend to her in her brother-in-law, who found work for his nephew, and thus kept the roof over Mrs. Paine's head. But death claimed the son, and then the burden began to fall on Caroline. The mother strove to lighten it-to make the girl's life as joyous as she could. It was a dull life at best; the grind began when she fell ill with rheumatism. The future looked dark, but the uncle still turned the cloud aside until the silver lining shone again.

Suddenly trade stopped. Then it really seemed as if all the world stopped, so far as Mrs. Paine and her daughter were concerned. The establishment where Caroline worked ceased operations unexpectedly. Mrs. Paine was unable to move a hand that month. Would they ever, even if work offered again, be able to catch up-to repay what they owed? These were queries mother and daughter asked themselves an hundred times.

Before the question was answered. fate-remorseless fate-swept away their last hope. The uncle, Arthur Paine, was summoned to his final account with more swiftness than his brother. The two women-one suffering, in broken health; the other hungering for joys she saw herself forever shut out of -looked at each other fearfully. They did not dare to breathe their fears. The mother's heart ached for her child, the daughter's for her mother. But the world wrings answers from

all. The day came when the mother and daughter had to speak plainly, and when it came, it found the mother as "Mother, there may be a way," said Caroline Paine, hopefully. Mrs. Paine

shook her head, still keeping her eyes covered. "I'm sure mother-wait until Mr. Brooks comes home. Then I will tell you what I mean." Mr. Brooks was well up in years—an old bachelor who roomed on the same

floor with the Paines. He was a clerk, with a varied experience. To Caroline he was a walking encyclopedia. An hour later, Mr. Brooks, in response to Caroline's request, stepped noiselessly into the room the Paines occupied. "Mr. Brooks," said Caroline, briskly,

I want to ask you about soldiers' claims. You know what soldiers are "I ought to. I was chief clerk for a claim agent eight years, and five years in the Pension Office here." Mr. Brooks wasted no words. He sat down, look-

ing inquiringly at the earnest face benick?" "Three meals a day and well fore him. "Then you can help us, Mr. Brooks. want you to sell the land my fatheror my mother is entitled to. Father never sold it, did he, mother?"

Mrs. Paine looked bewildered. "What "Why, the 160 acres I used to hear father say was lying out West waiting "O!" said Mr. Brooks-"that's all a'

-here he checked himself. The girl's face fell. Why not soften the disappointment. "You see-there really never was anything in that. I mean-"You don't mean father sold his

Mr. Brooks couldn't invent a lie, or he would have done it. He blurted out the truth: "I've no doubt your father thought he was entitled to the land-"Why, Mr. Brooks, I've heard him

say, time and again, the Government owed him the land; that he would sell his claim when the time came if he ever was-was, as we are now-hard press-"I remember now; so he did," said

Mrs. Paine. "Caroline is right." Mrs. Paine spoke cheerfully. "The truth is the Government never really promised the land." "Why, Mr. Brooks, I've heard of sol-

diers selling their land warrants," said Caroline. "So they did, Miss; that's just where the mistake was made. You see, before the civil war, the Government gave soldiers land warrants; the volunteers were led to believe they'd get the same."
"Yes, and pay in gold," said Mrs.

"Yes-pay in gold. But they were paid in paper money, worth forty to sixty cents on the dollar, when gold seegling lawyer: "Circumstances alter cas- sawed up and down. It was a swindle es, but I wish I could get hold of some on the soidier, but a big thing it has cases that would after my circumstances." "And mother has no claim to any-

thing?" "Not an inch of land." Caroline thought rapidly. "Then since you know the law, she is entitled to pension money. Everybody knows my father lost his health in the army. "Did he ever apply for a pension?"
"He was too independent to do that,"

said Mrs. Paine, wearily. "Well, if there never was anything done about it, it is too late now. Is his doctor living?" "Dr. Hamilton is dead-he was our physician for twenty years."

"No case," said Brooks. "Is there no way-no hope in any di-Brooks pondered. It was disagreeable, but the truth was best in this case. "I don't see a glimmer of hope, Miss Paine-only disappointment. If your father had been wounded-lost an arm

or leg-but, you see, dying so long after the war-making no sign-doctors dead -it's a case debarred, as I might say.' Caroline's brows contracted involuntarily. She looked at Brooks steadily. revolving new thoughts in her mind "If a man lost an arm, and is in good health and can clerk just as well as ever Brooks anticipated her. "If he has

an income of ten thousand a year, and only had his big toe hurt, he gets a pension. I know people who draw pensions for less. "But a man whose health was broken-who couldn't show any wound-

"Precisely, Miss Paine. A complication of diseases carries a man off. It don't matter if he went into the army as healthy as any man who never had a pain or ache, or never was in bed a day in his life—if the doctors were sure the service ruined his health, there's lots of cases where its hard to prove it—they don't prove it in such eases, as a rule. If there was any doctor who could swear

Mrs. Paine and her daughter shook their heads slowly. "Thank you, Mr. Brooks." How Brooks managed to get out of the room he never knew himself. The picture the mother and daughter presented at that moment was stamped on

his memory forever. He thought so

much about them that, instead of going to the theatre, he went to a cigar store where he was in the habit of meeting some friends, and, in a very discreet manner, set about collecting a little money "for a very worthy object." The next day, at noon, a tap sounded

on Paine's door. Caroline opened it on the instant, and, seeing Mr. Brooks, blushed. He spoke quickly, as if he had a great press of business on hand. "Miss Paine, a few friends-of your father's, I mean—they knew him very well, sent me with this and their com-Here he broke down. Caroline's eyes

seemed to read his very soul. Brooks

wanted to back out. Instead he ad-

vanced quickly to a small table, where

Mrs. Paine was seated, deposited a bank note on the table, and, bowing to Caroline, withdrew so quickly she had not time to intercept the movement. Mrs. Paine turned to look after him. Her elbow swept the bank note off the table. The draught caused by the quickly closed door Brooks pulled to after him swept the note under the open grate. Caroline sprang forward with a so othered cry. She was not a moment too quick. A live coal ignited the note. She had the presence of mind to crush it in her hand, at the risk of a broad blister. When she opened her hand slowly, one-half the note had disappeared. The half in her hand showed

burst into tears. It seemed as if misfortunes would never end. "What is it, Caroline?" "He gave us ten dollars, and it

that it had been a ten-dollar note. She

She wept passionately.
"It would have paid what we owe in the store, a month's rent, and left "Burned-burned, Caroline?" There was a world of anxiety, of dread, in Mrs. Paine's voice. Caroline extended her burned palm, on which

lay the half of the note. "It is not all lost. I read of ways to get money made right, I'm sure, somewhere. You can get five for it, may "Yes; but that would just pay the

store bill. And then what could we do? But we'll see. She dried her eyes bravely, laid the burned note carefully away, and resolved to make the most of it the next

She was dressed, and on her way to the office of the "Customs of the Port." whither she had been directed, long before the office was opened. After walking an hour on the street, she returned. to be told that it was a legal holiday, so no business would be done that day. As she turned away, she stumbled upon Mr. Brooks. Would she tell him? Not

for herself -but her mother. In ten words Brooks had the story, He expressed regret, reflected, bid her wait at a drug store, and hastened to "a friend," he said. He was absent fifteen or twenty minutes. When he returned. he handed her a crisp \$5 note, talked about the weather; everything but money, got the burned note, and her good-day in his brisk way.

Caroline returned home, calling at a grocer's on the way, and purchasing a few necessities-enough to keep body and soul together a little longer. As, from that hour their fortunes improved, somehow work came to her, and a physician kindly interested himself in Mrs. Paine's case, to a degree that restored her health. My story has no more to do with them, further than to state that the Grand Army of the Republic did for them what the Government should have done. I will follow

Brooks and the burned note. The next day Brooks dropped into the U. S .- the great United States Depository, deliberately recited so much of the facts as concerned the gentlemanly clerk, and was told the note, the whole note, would be replaced. He had Miss Caroline Paine make affidavit to the fact, the burned note was forwarded, and in two weeks Brooks carried to her another \$5; thus the Paines had the benefit of the entire amount the little knot at the cigar store made up for her.

The incident made a deep impression on Brooks. He pondered over it, and pondered until he got to talking about t. From talking to his friends, he got to talking about it in the Post. Finally he was inspired-I can think of no other as fitting-to write a lecture, which he has been delivering with much earnestness and unequivocal success all over the State. He begins with Paine's voluntary four years' service, exposes the swindle involved in the silence concerning the land warrants when men signed muster-rolls, recites the slow pay-day experiences, calls up months of waiting by wives and children, compares the purchasing power of the soldiers' pay with the purchasing power of a silver dollar to-day, burns-singes the bondholders until there is nothing left of them, and winds up with the incident of the burnt note which the Government was honest enough to replace. He makes out very clearly—proves to every man within sound of his voice or logic, that the system—the financial system the Government has pursued, is exactly as if every note given in payment to a soldier had been burned at one endburned a quarter, third, half or fiveeighths, as the price of gold went up

and down. What is very curious, although some people say behind his back that Brooks is a blatherskite, nobody has ever had the courage to tackle him face to face.

A California Lizard's Queer Trick. "There are some curious cases among

the geckos," said a Los Angeles country naturalist. "Here is one dead that is called the leaf-tail geeko. You see the tail bulges out soon after leaving the body and assumes a leaf or arrow shape; hence the name of the animal. Now, when the little creature is chased you will see it dodge around a limb and hold up the curious leaf-like tail. That is all you can see, and so naturally, would think it a part of the tree itself. But the lizard has a more remarkable method of escape yet. We will imagine that you have tried to pluck the leaf. The animal drops clumsily to the ground and darts away among the rocks, where it attracts the attention of some of the hawks that are forever prowling around. Immediately a chase ensues; the bird gains, and is finally about to pounce upon its prey, when all at once two lizards appear, one making off, while the other dances up and down into the air and along the ground in a mysterious way, so that the astonished bird stops and looks. In the meantime the original lizard escapes: the other, that is really the tail, soon becomes quiescent. You see the gecko has the faculty of throwing off its tail when hard pressed, and, while the pursuer's attention is drawn to the squirming member, the animal itself escapes." "But it loses its tail?" suggested the

"Only for a time. They can repro duce this organ, and curiously enough, sometimes two tails are produced instead of one." - San Francisco Call.

Mr. Van 'Zandt, ex-Governor of

Rhode Island, is chaffed sometimes be-.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Some Peculiar People.

The lugubrious man. He is happy only when he is miserable. But then, he is almost always miserable. Come what may, he can find something troublesome in it. When the rain lays the annoying dust for other people it makes miserable mud for him, and when the sunshine dries the vexing mud for others it makes tormenting dust for him. In his life every silver lining has its cloud. If by any chance there comes a time when there is nothing to mourn for he sends out his imagination to find something. If the weather is just as he wishes it to be he sets himself to thinking on what it will be next August and works himself into what is vulgarly called a sweat. In one way or another he is in a sweat most of the time. When he has no troubles of his own he shoulders some of those which his neighbors ought to have. He mourns to see Jones eating hard-boiled eggs year after year in utter unconsciousness that he is ruining his digestion. It grieves him to know that Smith keeps right on riding

a bicycle after he has been warned time and again of the dreadful consequences of a "header"; and it tears his very soul to see Robinson persist in wearing a plug hat without an airhole in it, when it has been demonstrated so very clearly that this sort of thing has been known to produce baldness. The lugubrious man is not a pleasing person to have around, but after all he serves a purpose. If he absorbs all the sadness of his neighborhood he leaves the rest of

the people comparatively free to enjoy themselves as they go. The funny man. He isn't funny, but that is not his fault. He tries hard enough. He seems to think the aim of all proper life is to make people laugh at him; and sometimes he accomplishes this. Most of the people, however, laugh at him when he is not around. You will find him wherever there is a crowd. No matter what the object of the assemblage may be, he is there with his joke. He sits at the barber-shop awaiting his turn and tells the barber to be careful not to dull his razor on his friend's cheek. This being a joke he laughs at it. How would anybody know it was funny if nobody laughed at it? Presently his turn comes and he tells the barber that he will make no charge for letting him hone his razor on his cheek. Nobody laughs, and he ventures the explanatory remark that a razor may be honed on his adamantine cheek. Still nobody laughs-that is, nobody but himself, and that is substantially nobody. If you don't find him in the barber-shop look out for him in the railroad car. When the brakeman announces that "this train will not stop between Riverside and Downer's Grove" the funny man shouts: "Who said it would?" This makes him laugh all over, but the brakeman and the other passengers look tired, and travel-worn, and sorry they didn't get off at the last station. The funny man is also epi-

only one breath. demic at social gatherings. He likes tainment.' social gatherings, because there people have to laugh at his remarks whether they want to or not. It is one of the drawbacks of a social gathering that everybody has to pretend to enjoy everything about it, even to the funny man. of clothes. He had gone to a clothier's If the funny man and the lugubrious and bought them and had them charged man could be tied together by the heels

tion philosophically and with due resignation.—Chicago News.

and flung over a clothes-line society

would try very hard to accept the situa-

An Electrical Engineer. There are two roads to take if you wish to become an electrical engineer. Although this occupation of electrical engineering is so new, there are three colleges in our country where the theoretical part of the profession is taught, namely: The stevens Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, New Jersey: the University of Pennsylvania; and the Massachusetts Institute are the best known. If a young man has gone through the theoretical and partially practical training to be had in either of these institutions, he does not require a great deal of actual experience in doing the work itself to fit him for undertak-

ing almost any task pertaining to the calling. But some boys may not be able to spare the time or pay the money for this collegiate part of the training. In that case, they endeavor to find employment in one of the factories of the great companies I have mentioned. To obtain admission, however, they must be bright, they must give good promise in the taste they have for mechanical pursuits, as well as in their habits, that they are suited for the profession they seek to en-Having obtained an entrance. they begin as ordinary employes, doing the simplest kind of work or even drudgery; then they are transferred from one department to another, learning a little at each step they take; until, finally, they have a good knowledge of the manufacturing branch of the pro-

From there they should go to the laboratory, where they obtain the scientific knowledge of the business. To know how the different parts are put together is not of itself sufficient; they must be able to tell why they are put together in that particular way; it is just that knowledge which makes them elec-

trical engineers. Then they are sent out as assistants to the various electric-lighting stations or are temporarily placed in charge of plants which have just been established, and which some amateur engineer is learning how to run. Finally they may be put in charge of a lighting station,—that is, a building from which the lighting power is furnished for the lamps in the immediate neighborhood; and lastly, they may become members of the engineering corps, and put up the elestric lights for some people in the manner I have described. - From "Ready for Business," by George J. Manson, in St. Nicholas for February.

Origin of the Word Texas.

In a recent article published in the North American Review, Gov. Ireland, of Texas, asserts that the word Texas means "welcome," and that on the landing of the first white men on the coast of Texas the Indians greeted them with the exclamation of "Texas!" or | said: welcome!

This theory, according to a correspondent in the Texas Vorwaerts, is not correct. In the ancient Spanish archives, stored away in the land office at Austin it appears that certain lands were situated "en el pais de los Tejas." or, in the country of the Texas, or Tejas Indians, x and j being pronounced alike. It is well-known that the Texas or Tejas Indians were a tribe of Indians living in the valley of the Rio Grande, who were exterminated or driven off by a more savage tribe. The word Texas or Tejas is the root of the names of all the Indian tribes in Texas and Mexico. The prefix indicated the locality of the tribe.

The As-Tejas, or Astecs, dwelt on high lands of Anahuac. The Tol-Tejas, or Toltees, lived as far south as Yucatan. The Huas-Tejas lived on the gulf coast between Matamoras and Vera Cruz, and the Tlal-Tejas were located in the state of Coahulla .- Texas Sift-

cause of his Dutch-Yankee ancestry. "I tell them," says he, "we are all mixed T. V. Powderly, general master work-man of the Knights of Labor, says: "If up in blood in this country like cock-tails," every laborer and every manufacturer would read daily a good paper and keep posted on topics of the time I feel certain there would be less trouble.'

Western reports confirm the opinion of the East Day's Horse Powder is the best. All that have used it pronounce Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup the best medicine known for the complaintof early childhood. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Why suffer the tortures of indigestion when one bottle of Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills will cure you?

HE HAD NERVE.

The Traveling Printer and an Iowa Town. I had been devil in the Bugler office, in a town in Iowa, about four months when the editor was one day called away. The man who was acting as compositor, pressman, job printer, collector, solicitor, and so forth, seized the opportunity to go off on a spree, and I

was thus left in sole charge. Just after dinner, as I was washing the roller and cleaning up generally, in walked the first old "printer bum" I had ever seen. The duds on his back weren't worth a silver quarter, his hair was long and unkempt, his face covered with dirt and bristles, and his breath scented the room. He was ragged, dirty, homeless, and penniless, and had been let out of the county jail, eight miles away, that morning.

"Howdy, boy," he said as he came in. and without a second glance at me he took a seat at the desk and attacked the remains of my lunch. When he had eaten the last crumb he picked his teeth with the editorial pen, peeled off his old coat, and commanded:

"Boy, hunt me up a job stick."

I obeyed, and as he fook it he walked over to the rack, slung in two or three lines of display type, and then stepped to the small pica case and set up the body of a circular reading:

He has Arrived! The World-Renowned Prof. Peters! Ventriloquist! Mesmerist! Phrenologist! Prof. Peters has engaged Snyder's hall for the evening of Sept. 22, 1868 (to-morrow evening), and will give the citizens of Carmer City an exhibition of his wonderful powers in ventriloquism, mesmerism, and phrenology. Will imitate the notes of all birds; will speak to you in sixteen languages; will wager \$100 to \$5 that he can mesmerize any person in the audience; can read your character by feeling of your head; will forfeit \$500 if he fails in a single case. Medals from all the crowned heads of Europe. Flattering press notices from the leading newspapers of the world. Everybody turn out. Admission only

25 cents. Children free. He placed this matter on a galley, pulled a proof and corrected it, and then cut a lot of print paper to the right size and said to me: "Get up the roller and roll for me."

I complied, and he worked off two hundred of the circulars. He was not only a good compositor, but he wrestled that old hand-press around like a man who had never done anything else. When we had finished he said: "Take the tin pail and get me a quart

of beer. Tell 'em to charge it to the I was afraid of the man, and I got the beer and paid for it out of my own money. He drank the whole quart with

"Now, then, take these circulars out and distribute 'em." he said as he put away the pail. "Be a good boy and I'll give you two tickets to this great enter-That was inducement enough, and in two hours, with the help of another boy, I had billed the town. When I returned the "bum" had washed up, combed his hair, and had on a new suit

I had been back only five minutes when the boozy compositor came in. He had scarcely entered the door when the "bum" rose up, waved him back, and tragically exclaimed:

to the office, claiming that he had been

engaged as foreman. Further than

that, he had been and engaged the hall.

"Go hence! This is no place for the deprayed! How dare you enter my office in your present condition?" The "comp." backed down-stairs drunker than ever, and after the stranger had questioned me as to when the editor would return he went to the hotel and engaged the best room. I had heard that somebody held a mortgage on the office, and it struck me that this must be the man's agent. I was young and green, and had never seen a dis-

play of tramp printers' gall. Next morning he took possession of the office. When the now sobered compositor arrived the "bum" selected copy for him and bossed him around, and there was no rebellion. He wrote and set up several editorials himself, made up the ontside pages of the paper in a neat manner, and worked off two jobs for which \$3.75 cash was paid in. During the day two subscribers paid in \$4, and all the money went into the stran-

ger's pocket. The editor was to be gone two days, and the man took such complete posses sion that we believed in his right, and did not kick. During the day he got a hat and a new pair of boots the same way he got the clothes, and he drank three quarts of beer at our expense.

Prof. Peters' circulars filled Snyder's hall that evening to overflowing, and it was the old bum who stood at the door and took the money. When the last person had passed in the door-keeper slid into the darkness, and the people sat there for half an hour before they realized that they had been duped. Then a grand man-hunt was organized, but it was too late. The bum had stolen a skiff and dropped down the river, just about \$150 ahead of our town. - New York Sun.

No Light in the Window.

As the train sped along in the night, with drowsy passengers outstretched upon the seats, the conductor was observed frequently peering out of the frosty windows into the darkness. The night was black, and nothing could be seen but a sheen of snow over the shadowy landscape, and yet the conductor shaded his eyes with his two hands and held his face a weary-looking face it was, too close to the window pane.

"Looking to see if your girl is awake yet?" inquired the inquisitive passenger. with a coarse laugh.

shuddered as with busky voice be replied And then the inquisitive passenger became garrulous and familiar. He sat down beside the conductor and

The conductor looked around and

poked him in the ribs as he lightly "Ah, I see. Going to get married and quit the road. Going to marry a farm-

er's daughter. Is she worth much?" "She's worth a million to me." Further remarks in a similar vein did the passenger make, but the conductor deigned no more replies. Suddenly the whistle of the locomotive gave a long, low moan, the conductor stuck his eyes still closer to the window, seemed to fasten his gaze upon some object in the darkness, and then fell back in his seat with a cry of despair upon his lips. The passengers gathered round to in-

quire the nature of the trouble, when the brakeman assisted his chief to rise and led him into the baggage car. The conductor's face was as white as the snow-banks which fringed the iron roadway, and in his eye was a look of tear-"Poor Sam," said the brakeman, upon his return, "it's a bad night for him.

Four weeks his little girl has been ill. Night after night he was at her bed, but then she got better and he came back to his train. He arranged with his wife that if all was well with the little one she'd display a lighted lamp right in the window of the sick-room. The boys all knew of it, and every night we all looked for the light almost as eagerly as Sam himself. He lives by the side of the track back here a few miles-and to-night there was no light in the window for Sam."-Chicago Herald Train

Sa saparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument as

MUMMIES FOUND IN PERU.

The ancient city of Pachacamac was long, long ago the Mecca of South America. The name means "He who animates the Universe." It was a resort of pilgrims from far and near, and also the burial-place of tens of thousands of ancient dead, and from a study of many mummies found there has much light been giv-

en to old-time customs. Many of these were enveloped in a braided network or sack of rushes or coarse grass, bound closely about the body by plaited cords; just beneath these coverings were wrappers of stout. plain cotton cloth, Tastened by a gay cord of llama wool, and about and next the body a garment of finer texture; the body itself revealed a mahogany-colored surface.

The implements of the person's trade were inclosed among these many wrappings, also a copper coin. About women mummies were wrapped finer cloth, and always a comb grasped in one hand; this seemed as if made from the rays of fishes' fins. having for handle the hard, woody part of the dwarf palm. In the other hand lay a cane handled fan, its ornamentation the feathers of parrots

and humming-birds. About the neck were three strings of shells, and, as with the men, domestic implements lay between the various coverings-an ancient spindle for cotton-spinning, half covered with spun thread, as if death had surprised the woman busy with her

daily toil. If a mummy was discovered seated upon a work-box containing bits of knitting-work, weaving implements, skeins and spools of thread, needles of bone and bronze, a comb, knife, fan-the small domestic properties given to one opening to fair sweet womanhood-then was it understood that a maiden in her youth and beauty had been laid away; that the sleep of death had come with unexpected summons, for at hand were her cosmetic tubes-bird bones, these with a wad of cotton to close the opening, and with some sort of a little mill for grinding and preparing the pigments. Added to these was a mirror-a piece of iron pyrites shaped like half an egg, the plane side of

it highly polished. The maiden's hair was braided; a thin narrow bracelet encircled one arm; there was also an ornamental golden butterfly; and between the feet of the young girl lay the dried body of a pet bird-oftenest a parrot

was thus honored.

CHINESE MOTHER-WIT. A noted liar once told a friend that he had at home three precious things: a bullock which could run 1,000 li a day; a fowl which crowed at the beginning of each watch, day and night; and a dog that could read books. The friend intimated that he would lose no time in seeing with his own eyes, these marvels. The man did not expect this, as his house was somewhat distant. So he went home and told his wife that he had got caught at last, and that on the morrow the man would arrive and he would be disgraced. "Never mind." said his spouse, "leave that to me. It will be all right, only you must keep out of sight." Next morning the visitor arrived, and, being met by the mistress, asked where her husband was. "He's gone to Pekin," she replied. "When will he be back?" "In eight or nine days." "Why, how can he be so quick?" "He has gone off on our fast bullock, and can do it easily." "I hear you have also a wonderful fowl," said the visitor; and behold, as he was speaking, a small cock crew. "That's it." said the wife; "he crows at the beginning of each watch, and also when a visitor arrives." "I would like to see the learned dog," he said. "Ah," said she, "I'm sorry, but you see we are very poor. So he keeps a school

"Mamma," said a little boy lugubriously the other day as he laid down a volume of biographical sketches of the Presidents. "I don't believe I'll ever be a president. I ain't got the chance; I wasn't brung up right."

"Why, child, you have the same

chance that other little boys have." "No, I ain't; I wasn't born in a log cabin, nor I am't drove a team on the canal, nor had to read the spellin' book by the light of a pine knot, nor had to split rails nor nothin' like the rest of the boys who got there. I tell you, mother, I'm handicapped for the Presidential busi-

From the stress laid on the hardships of some of the Presidents when boys it is not strange that the juvenile mind should draw such a deduc-

THESE ARE SOLID FACTS. The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the Liver, Bilousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by H. C. Pierce.

asked what was the longest day of the year, promptly answered, "Sun-

A Vermont school boy who was

GRANDMOTHER SAYS! When she was a little girl that her mother always

"100 Doses One Dollar" is true only of Hood's gave sulphur and molasses to purify her blood, but she now gives Sulphur Bitters to her grandchildren as it is the best medicine she ever saw .- The Father